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Select Tales.

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LARRY, as the reader will readily guess, is Ellen's "Bachelor," as they say in Ireland. He has called at her brother Michael's cot, on the errand upon which bachelors, who have sense enough to be saved, are wont to call.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland.—When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self conceit of all man-kind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, well, she loved, I am sorry to say, un-like the generality of my fair countrywomen, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcooleing.

"Dear Ellen," he exclaimed, "only a drop"—the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after ——"

"Oh, Ellen," interrupted her lover.

"It's no use of Ellening me," she answered quickly, "I've made my resolution and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women," said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table spoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that Larry, why do you take the table spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation and the overcomeingness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about trifles.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman could ever respect

a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I know you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any thing that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest that either of you would have liked to have come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure its not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the least drop in life, I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good, none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother, it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the least taste in life makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please you, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear to any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in the world is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the least drop in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you dare not trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop, if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me Larry, and believe, that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mike Brady's wife, who whenever she

thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman, they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghtone.—Stacy was, as I have said, very old, entirely withered and white headed, and nearly double with age, and used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways, like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoc, and tell them so too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the rale gentry of the place all humored her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is pulling down their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and may be she didn't bless them for it.

"One day Mike had come home before me, and, coming down the back hohreen who should I see moving along but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon's (the dog man*) hound in full ery, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the beast to tear her to pieces. The dog was soon up with her crutin, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

"Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky

* Tax gatherers were so called sometime ago in Ireland because they collected the duty on dogs.
† In the house.

key would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it to the ground.

"Do you want to poison me?" she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature.

"Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in the face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his eye at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink! whiskey! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*.—He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them, he knew not how to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, aye, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing, 'he had lived like a king, and would die like a king.'"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God, she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whiskey as their beginning and their end, that makes me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or cruel laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen "you see I never forget them. You might think," she continued, "that I had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say

to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow, Edward Lambert got around me with his sweet words, and I was alone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which had made me shed no tear over my father's grave.

"Think of that, young girl; the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment; he was industrious, and sorry enough when fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred. I think it may be I might have done better; but, God defended me, the *last* was hard to bear." Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "The last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," said she "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one a darling, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it was a square fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would; he *almost* swore he would; but the promises of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in the cradle, I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch I resolved to tell him how my darling was, and I thought I should be back be-

fore my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the screams of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, and dropped the candle into the straw, and unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor, not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband?" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning cabin without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor broken-hearted man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. And now Ellen Murphy," she added, when the end was come, "do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass ye offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over? Because I wish to save you, who sheweth me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words; and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promise; try them, prove them all, before you marry!"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry.—"I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't

say that, for Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time name it; I'll stand the trial!"

And I'm happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not married, however till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a great taste too much! that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

A Tale of more Truth than Romance.

DURING a residence of some four or five years near the interior of New-York, in the town of F——, so noted for the richness of its soil, and its delightful and romantic scenery, I had the honor of becoming intimately acquainted with an honest and respectable though somewhat aged farmer, of steady habits, easy and dignified manners, whose name for my present purpose, I shall call Maxwell. Although he had seen upwards of sixty winters, and age had already silvered o'er his head, and made its wonted furrows down his manly cheek, he still retained an unusual vivacity, both of body and mind. And upon my learning the history of himself and family, I found that at this time (1831) he was living with his second wife, who, when he married her, about twenty years before, had been a widow about two years; and since the death of her first husband, had been living with her four small children on the pleasant little farm left her by him; and with its avails and the income of her own untiring labor, had supported herself and family. After the death of Mr. Maxwell's wife, he had placed his children under the care of the best guardian he could obtain for them, his circumstances (by reason of his wife's long illness) being such as to render it impossible for him to keep them together with him. After his marriage to his second wife, he assumed the management and culture of her small yet productive farm, and was very soon enabled to recall to his new home and fireside, such of his children as had not by this time become old enough to act and provide for themselves. With him all was now joy and gladness, and the stream of life moved smoothly along. After about three years of happy quietude, with parents and children, an occurrence happened which was very pleasurable to the parents, but caused a good deal of consternation and disquietude among the children, and very soon called into exercise all the feelings of envy, and developed all the latent seeds of jealousy, of which their little hearts were possessed. That something which happened was the birth of a son—the only child of its parents' second marriage, and the centre of their most ardent affections. Reader, that son is the hero of our story.

During the years of his boyhood he was sprightly, of a pleasant disposition, and always very cordial to his youthful companions and playmates. As he grew older he became much attached to reading and study; and would frequently steal a little time from his hours of task, and resort to his place of retirement to read some favorite book. From this cause, and perhaps more from the indulgence and caresses of his parents, his brothers frequently became angry, and for weeks would appear very much estranged from him: And his sisters too, sometimes partook of the same spirit, and would treat him with coolness and neglect;—he never evinced anything like a spirit of retaliation, but kept his course steadily along in the road of knowledge and duty. Years rolled by, and when Henri (for that is the name of our hero) had arrived at a suitable age, his father determined that he should learn a trade, or study some profession, that being the only dowry that he, in his circumstances, could give him. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell summoned Henri before them to consult with him in relation to what trade or profession he would pursue. After reflecting upon the subject, Henri resolved upon the profession of Medicine and Surgery. This was exceedingly gratifying to his parents, and a suitable place was immediately sought for Henri to pursue the profession of his choice. An opportunity soon offered itself at the office and under the instruction of the celebrated Dr. W. where he, as soon as he had made the necessary preparations, commenced his long and arduous, though to him agreeable labors. His natural mildness of disposition and strict attention to his studies, secured him frequent indulgences unusual for students, and purchased for him the highest esteem of all with whom he became acquainted. His firmness of purpose and decision of character, saved him from many solicitations to participate in the foolish amusements of youth, and always enabled him to withstand every temptation to vice, and he enjoyed an uninterrupted course of pleasure while traveling the road of science. Thus happily had three years of his studentship nearly passed away—and that too, not without its full amount of advancement in his profession, which had brought him to the age and stature of manhood. He was tall, well set, had a manly, expressive countenance, and a mild, yet commanding appearance. In fact there was combined in him all the properties necessary to constitute him a man of usefulness, wealth and honor. Yet he was poor, or what the world generally term so—and the time had now arrived when he must attend a Medical College, and go through the necessary preliminaries to obtain a Diploma, so that he might set sail to his untried bark upon the broad ocean of enterprise and chance. This would drain him of all the funds he could command, and perhaps make it necessary for him to try the strength of his credit among his friends. If so, he resolved to do it, for he was determined to accomplish what he had undertaken, if it should be within the reach of possibility.

In the same village where Henri had been pursuing his professional studies, lived Squire W. a man much respected both as an officer and a

citizen, but somewhat notorious from his inordinate desire to attain great wealth, yet his fortune had always been, and was still, quite limited. His family consisted of his wife and one daughter, who was then about nineteen. Her figure was slight but of the most exquisite proportions. Her dark hair hung in beautiful ringlets over her neck, and her dark eyes flashed with queenly lustre, from beneath the penciled arch of a brow that would have done honor to a coronet; and in her voice there was a spell like the rich musical ringing of fine gold, that gave her an irresistible charm. The properties of her mind, in richness and refinement, were no less attractive than were the charms of her person. Tempered as was the elasticity and cheerfulness of youth, by the gravity of more mature years, she was unusually companionable with all her numerous associates and upon all occasions. But why attempt to describe what language falls infinitely short of being able to do? Suffice it to say, she was all that is lovely in a woman, of refined taste and manners, possessing a virtuous and well informed mind, and every personal attraction. The intelligence, correct principles, and dignified manners of Henri, had always rendered him a welcome guest in the highest circle of society; and though his visits might not have been courted, yet he was always cordially received by the Squire and his family; and notwithstanding Florilla's numerous attractions had made such an indelible impression upon his finer feelings, yet his visits to the Squire's were not very frequent, for he thought her to be far above him in every respect, and that it would be exceedingly unwise of him to think of her otherwise than a friend. But from some cause or another, he hardly knew what, he felt an increasing desire to be in her company; and her very image seemed to be before him on every page of his text book. He could discover no such feelings in the appearance of Florilla; but on the contrary, he thought she treated him with more coolness and reserve at one or two of his last visits, than usual. One morning as Henri sat in his study he heard a slight tap at his door, and upon his saying, "come in," a little boy entered his apartment, and walking up to him with a becoming modesty, handed to him a very neatly executed billet, which he found upon opening it, contained a polite invitation to attend the wedding of one of Florilla's uncles, the following evening. "Ah, lucky fellow," says Henri to himself, putting his billet choicely away,—"what a fine opportunity I shall have to converse with Florilla—and as I am to leave on the morrow for College, I will embrace this favorable opportunity to ascertain as far as possible, what her feelings are towards me." Accordingly, when the appointed hour had nearly arrived, he fitted himself out in his best equipage, and soon found himself mingling with the merry crowd. Florilla never appeared more lovely than she did on that occasion. Her countenance was lit up with an expression of mirthful intelligence—her bright eyes shone with more than their usual effulgence—and she almost seemed a being not of earth, but angelic. Henri used his most winning address towards her in hope of receiving in return some look or word that might give evidence of her attachment to

him, but all to no purpose—to him her heart seemed steeled and guarded on every side. The party was spirited and brilliant—and to all but Henri the time seemed to have passed pleasantly and swiftly away. The time had now come when the party should close. Henri thought he would now improve his last chance for gaining some little word of encouragement from Florilla, by offering her his services as gallant; but before he could get an opportunity of speaking to her, a Mr. B. (not so much noted for his wisdom and good breeding as he was for his bombastic manners, and his supposed wealth,) had offered her his services, which she had somewhat hesitatingly accepted—as the carriage stood in waiting they bade the remaining guests “good night,” and immediately left. This was rather a damper upon Henri’s already wounded spirit, but he mustered courage and offered his politeness to a young Miss, who accepted; and after seeing her safe in her father’s house, he returned directly to his room and threw himself upon his bed, disappointed and disheartened. That night was one of wakefulness with Henri, for the thought of four month’s absence from home, and the society of Florilla—and under such a state of things was too destitute of an opiate for him to sleep on. Morning came—and he took passage in the stage for the delightful village of G——, to complete his Medical course at College. The scenery, and the many objects of interest which had met his view on the way, had measurably relieved his mind, and he commenced his College duties with a good degree of resolution, and for a few weeks he had but little thought of any thing but his studies. But the unrivaled attraction of Florilla had made so deep an impression upon the tablet of his heart, that time and distance could not remove it; and very soon after having finished the business of the day, and gentle evening brought him to his room in retirement, his thoughts would fly to the place of his home—and to her who shared his warmest affections. And in reflecting upon the course he had pursued towards Florilla, he frequently bitterly reproached himself for his stupidity in not having made his feelings known to her; and finally came to the firm resolution, that when he should return he would disclose all the feelings of love he had so long cherished towards her.

After having finished his Medical course, and obtained the highest Academic honors of the College, Henri, who could now claim the title of Doctor of Medicine, returned home to spend a little time previous to his finding a suitable place to establish himself in the practice of his honorable profession. After spending a day at his father’s, he rode to the village of D. where he had spent his term of studentship, to make a few calls upon his old friends; and (would you have thought it) the first call he made was at the house of Squire W. and upon his raising the knocker, the door was immediately thrown open and he was in the presence of Florilla, (Squire W. and his lady had just rode out to visit an aunt that was sick) and after the embarrassment of their first meeting was over, they found themselves seated alone in the parlor. The usual round of conversation immediately commenced between them, upon subjects relating to what

had transpired since their separation at the party, when the pledge that Henri had made to himself whilst at College, broke with its full force upon him. It is easier to imagine than describe the embarrassment he felt—but he did fulfil his pledge, and ere he was aware, a few hurried impassionate words, such as fall from man’s lips but once—and the love, the hopes, the wishes, of Henri, were laid open to Florilla. He concluded by saying, “Will you grant my request?” She was embarrassed, a deep blush of modesty covered her whole countenance, and for a while she was silent—she knew that he, at least, had not sought her hand from mercenary motives—and believed that he alone of all that had bowed at her shrine, could make her happy. In truth, she loved him;—she hesitated, and finally replied, “I will do as my father shall decide.” The fact was, her father was determined upon her becoming the bride of the rich Mr. B. whom I have introduced to you as Henri’s rival at the wedding party. And notwithstanding the extravagance, ill humor, and almost entire want of moral principle of Mr. B. yet from the Squire’s intense love of money, he had used every effort in his power to persuade, and even made some slight attempts to compel Florilla to an acceptance of his proffered hand, and to reject from her society and notice, all such as could not boast of wealth, however great their powers of mind, or exalted their love of virtue and honor. Although Florilla had ever treated her father’s advice and wishes with the utmost attention and respect, yet she thought it a duty she owed herself in this instance, not to comply with his requisition, and she had often told him, she did not and could not love Mr. B. and that she wished he would not farther insist upon her compliance with what, to say the least, would prove an entire prostration of all her brightest hopes of happiness.

Whilst Henri was yet sitting with Florilla in the parlor, the Squire with his lady returned from his visit, and upon entering his door was not a little surprised to meet Henri, who had stepped forward to greet them at their first entrance, but he extended to him his hand, the usual ceremony passed between the Squire, his wife, and Henri, and they were all busily chattering in the parlor. Soon as it seemed a proper time, Henri requested a few moments’ private interview with the Squire, which request was readily granted, and they were very soon together in the library. And without hesitation Henri laid before the Squire the object for which he had sought an interview. The Squire’s face colored he showed evident traces of anger, whilst he said, “Sir, I peremptorily refuse any such alliance between you and my daughter, and shall forbid your having any farther intercourse with her whatsoever. What, you, who if you have any purse at all, it is an empty one—and have not even an apology for an estate, presume to ask of me my consent for the hand of Florilla—’tis presumption, ‘tis more, ‘tis rashness. If she has given you her consent, I shall not, no never—I have determined upon her marriage to Mr. B. and shall give my consent to none other.” I shall not attempt to describe the despair Henri felt upon hearing those words fall with such emphasis from the lips of the Squire, but shall leave

that to the power of the reader’s imagination to paint. He made no reply—and when a few moments had passed in silence, he arose to depart, when the Squire said to him, “It is my wish, Sir, that you should discontinue your calls at my house entirely—and I shall forbid Florilla’s holding any correspondence with you in the future, and you will do well to forget this subject at once.” Leaving him alone in the library, Henri returned to the parlor to take his leave, he found Florilla alone, and although he was almost crazed with disappointment, yet with proper effort, he was enabled to disclose to Florilla with what angry warmth her father had negatived his proposal, and that a want of property was the only reason he had urged as a ground for his decision. And says he, “I suppose,” but before he had completed the sentence, a glance from Florilla’s dark lovely eye spoke volumes of sympathy and approval, that caused Henri almost to forget what the Squire had said, and her countenance was as calm as the morning’s dawn, whilst she said, “this is no more than I had anticipated from my father, but I can never comply with his wishes, neither can I be so undutiful as to go directly contrary to his express commands, as I should do by accepting your proposal—so I shall probably remain single. But go now and try your skill in the healing art, perhaps fortune may smile—I will be true to you.” Upon hearing these words fall like sweet music from the lips of Florilla, Henri felt a thrilling sensation of ambition and hope he had never before experienced, and vowed eternal constancy to her. He clasped her hand within his—a gentle pressure met his own, and he bade her farewell. Henri went from the Squire’s sad and disappointed, to finish the calls he had proposed to make in the village. When he had spent a day or two in this way, he set forth in search of a suitable place to establish himself in the business of his profession. He soon found a vacancy in a pleasant little village in the town of B. where he shortly after offered his professional services to the public. For a while his calls were but few, and those mostly from the poorer class of citizens, such as could not be expected to be prompt in payment; and he began painfully to realize that his was an up hill business—that his path to celebrity was to be a long and dreary one—and added to these feelings, were the incessant hints from his lady friends with regard to his obtaining a wife, the want of which they urged as an objection to his probability of success in business. Under all these trying circumstances he consoled himself with the reflection that it was not his fault that he was not married, and that if it was to become his lot to serve the poor, he would discharge the duty so as to keep his conscience clear. When more than a year in this unpropitious way had passed, there broke out an epidemic in the circle of his practice that raged extensively, and Henri, either by chance or his skill, became very successful in its treatment, inasmuch that every moment was employed, hardly giving him time for rest. The tide of Henri’s fortune from this time began to turn, and at the expiration of two years, his skill and unusual success had enabled him not only to pay all his expeditures, but left him the handsome sum of a thousand dollars.

How different had been the success of the rich merchant, Mr. B. from that of Henri. How wide the contrast—he, from his losses by gambling and other vicious habits—and from overreaching and dishonesty in business, had become insolvent and fled from his country, his home, and from her he had professed to love with so ardent an attachment. The ruin of Mr. B. involved also that of Squire W. for he had turned all his property, save his house and office, into money, to loan to Mr. B. for him to speculate upon, who had now thrown him out of both principal and interest. The Squire's creditors became alarmed for their safety, and as fast as possible obtained judgments and executions, and attached what little he had remaining. In due time the day of sale came, and as no one saw fit to relieve him by becoming responsible for him, the auctioneer began the usual cry of "who bids, and who bids higher," &c. when, after all others seemed to have bid as high as they would, and the property was about to go for less than its real value, a voice at a distance was invariably heard, raising the bid to the value of the article under the hammer, and in almost every instance, it would go down to that bidder. When the last article had been sold, and the people began to retire from the ground, the Squire thought he would pay his acknowledgments to the person who had shown himself so much his friend; he repaired to the spot from whence the bidder's voice had proceeded, when, to his amazement, he found that his friend appeared in the person of young Doct. Maxwell. He hung his head, clasped his hands, stepped a little back, and for a while seemed literally lost to every surrounding object; but this was but the struggle between his pride and his better feelings, the latter of which finally prevailed, and he could but acknowledge him, who, but two years before, he had refused the honors of his house and the hand of his daughter, and that too on the grounds of his poverty, as his friend and benefactor. Henri addressing him, said, "Having understood that your property was to be sold on this day, I thought I would come over and see that they did not go for less than their value, and thereby cause your embarrassment to be still greater; and now Sir, upon condition that you give me your consent that the hand of Florilla shall be mine, these goods are at your service, with such other articles as may be necessary to render yourself and Mrs. W. comfortable and happy during life. Will you do it?" This was a powerful appeal to the Squire, and not without its effect. And he said to Henri, "I accept of your proposal." Now, as the consent of the Squire had been obtained, the next business was to obtain that of Mrs. W. and as she had always retained a preference for Henri, without hesitation she welcomed him to her affections as an anticipated son-in-law.

The paper of the next week bore the news of Doct. Henri Maxwell's marriage to Miss Florilla W. and they are now living in the village where the Doctor first commenced the business of his profession, as prosperous and as happy a couple as were ever bound together by the silken cord of matrimony. Thus ends my story of the "Young Doctor." And reader, in telling it, have I not told the difficulties and perplexities of hundreds

of his profession in their first efforts for a livelihood, and added another to the long catalogue of proofs, that vice is always attended with disappointment and misery—that he who cherishes an unwarrantable desire for wealth, and acts upon the principle of selfishness alone, may be reduced to that condition in life, where a little favor may be gladly received at the hand of one whom they would, under more prosperous circumstances, look upon with disdain;—and that honest worth and merit, does receive its reward.

H. SAUNDERS CRANDALL.

Leonardsville, N. Y. July 15, 1841.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

BY REV. L. K. WILLIE.

The residence of this extraordinary man is situated on the Staunton river, in the county of Charlotte, about twelve miles south of the courthouse.* The two houses in which he lived alternately in summer and winter are situated on a commanding eminence, and surrounded by a forest, which, during his life, he never suffered to be violated by an axe.—A place was cleared just sufficient to construct two dwelling houses and a few out buildings, while the whole surrounding forest appears wild and romantic, as if planted and cultivated alone by the hand of Nature.

The house in which he usually spent his winters is a low one-story building, with an open shed in front, supported by four oak posts resting on the bare ground. The floor of this shed is paved with stones, which have received no polish save that which has been given them by the waters of the Staunton river. The interior of this building is handsomely furnished, and adorned with drawings and portraits. Among the rest is a portrait of his servant Juba, carrying a double-barrel gun on his shoulder, and a terrier dog in his arms. Also one of himself, taken at the age of 25, said to be an admirable likeness. In this house may now be seen the wrapper in which he fought a duel within the last years of his service in Congress.

The building in which he spent his summers, situated in front of the one described above, is larger and much more commodious. The furniture of this building, particularly the drawing-room, is remarkably neat and handsome. On a table in the centre of the drawing-room is a large port-folio, containing several large and beautiful drawings, principally representing landscapes and the sports of the chase.

His library was not as large as I expected to find it, but admirably selected and contained information on every subject, "from the cedar in Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."—In this library I met with several books I never saw before, and never expect to see again. This dwelling is also ornamented with miniatures and portraits of distinguished men, with whom he was intimate, while in the service of his country.

* Many persons have supposed that the Roanoke appended to Mr. Randolph's signature was the Roanoke river. It is, however, the name of a small creek which runs through his plantation, which plantation lies several miles above the junction of the Dan and Staunton.

Among the portraits there was one which Jack, (the faithful servant in whose arms Mr. Randolph died,) told me was the likeness of the celebrated Pocahontas. I cannot vouch for the truth of the old man's assertion; but, if it is not a portrait of that illustrious personage, it must be one of her near lineal descendants. The sleeves of the dress in which she is habited extend to the elbow, and leave bare the most beautiful arm and hand I ever saw attached to a human body: the eye is remarkably expressive, and both it and the hair are black as the plumage of the raven. Her features beam with intelligence, mildness and benignity. Though the portrait is antiquated and has been injured by time yet the form and features remain admirably distinct.

But let us now go from the portrait of Pocahontas to the grave of Randolph. The body of this extraordinary man reposes beneath the tall branches of a veteran pine, about 40 paces from his summer dwelling. No marble marks the place of his repose. He was buried according to his own request, with his head to the west; with a white unpolished stone at his head, and a black one at his feet. He sleeps where he lived, in the peaceful bosom of his own native forest.

MISCELLANY.

THE WIFE.

WOMAN'S love, like the rose blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart—and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife; parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which induce a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unaltered at his side, in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hopeless husband; when we behold her in domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should retain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmur to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connection with the world, but woman never; their constituents of mind are different—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity

of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion.

Woman was created by the great Giver of all good, as the help mate of man; formed in a superior, though more delicate, mould—endowed with purer and better feelings—stronger and more exalted affections; to play a distinct character in the great drama of the created world; in fact, to reward the toil and labors of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, or the jarring elements of public duties; but to share his pleasure, to console his troubled thoughts, to join with him in his joy, and to exalt him in his happiness, by her participation, and to meliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling. She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad—the creature of evil—the slave of debased thoughts—the destroyer of innocence—the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful—and the scenes of guile, fraud and villainy that meet the eyes, the glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which are all best; and the most productive of happiness in the sex which "Heaven made to temper man."

A VIRTUOUS MAN.

DURING the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troops to the quarter assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage—the residence of a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged, pious son of poverty made his appearance. His beard and locks were silvered by old age, while his countenance bespoke that inward peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field, so that I can set my troopers foraging."

"I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the old man.

After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"There is the very thing we wanted," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "and you shall be satisfied."

"They went on, about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and re-mounted, while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said:

"Father, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble in coming so far: the field we first saw was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke, (says the author very justly,) goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing to be compared with it. Surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principle of moral taste.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND, OR THE DODGERS DONE.

A very singular affair came off in this city lately. At an hotel in Broadway, famous for the excellence of its liquour, a few days since, a little boy came in with a very flashy looking ring, and wanted to dispose of it. Every one present examined the trinket, and few thought much of it. It however, struck the eye of a gentleman, who, we are told, is known by the very singular appellation of Squeaking Johnny.

"How much do you ask for that ring?" asked that individual.

"Five dollars," said the boy.

"I'll give you two dollars for it."

"It's very hard," the boy continued, "but I suppose I must take it."

The two dollars were paid, the ring was taken, and the boy departed.

The purchaser of the ring went home. His brother saw the bubble, admired it, and asked how much he would sell it for.

"Well, Charly," said he, "I gave five dollars for it, it's worth a great deal more; you shall have it for seven."

The bargain was struck, and the ring once more changed masters.

The following day, Charles was out to Harlem. There he met a Mr. A. who also became exceedingly tickled with the ring, which, by the way, was a taking affair, showy, the setting most capital, and much taste displayed in the formation.

"What will you take for that ring?" asked Mr. A.

"Well, I don't particularly care about it," said its possessor. "You shall have it dog cheap."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

The matter was instantly settled, and the ring passed into the hands of Mr. A.

The next morning, the last proprietor of this curious affair, drove to town; and going into the store of a fashionable jeweler, asked the value.

"It is worth one dollar and a half," said the merchant.

Mr. A. was thunderstruck. Recovering himself he said,

"Can you take out the stones, which of course are—

"Paste, sir."

"—And insert diamonds in their place."

"Yes."

"How long will it take you, and how much will it cost?"

"I can do it in two or three hours, and it will cost forty dollars."

"Do it as fast as you possibly can."

Within the given time the diamonds were substituted, and Mr. A. returned to Harlem.

On his arrival, he found the two brothers and several New-York bloods assembled. He was greeted with a low whistle and sundry and divers gyrations of the fingers, were performed by resting the thumb on the nose, giving the fingers full latitude to perform all sorts of segments of circles in the air.

"How about that ring?" asked John.

"A very pretty ring," said Mr. A. "and a great bargain."

"A great bargain!"

"Yes, the stones are diamonds."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars of it."

"Why, you know, perhaps."

"No, but I don't believe them to be diamonds, and I'll bet a hundred dollars they are not."

"Done."

"Done."

The bet was taken by Mr. A. on one part, and the two brothers on the other.

"How shall we decide?" asked the two brothers.

"We'll leave it to any jeweler in New-York," said Mr. A.

The party immediately set off for the city. On arriving at a jeweler's the stones were pronounced diamonds.—The brothers were not satisfied. They wished to go to another jeweler. It was agreed.

"Are these diamonds?" asked John at the next store.

"I think they are, but I can't tell without filing them."

"Oh," said John, "you must ask that gentleman. He is the proprietor."

Mr. A. gave a ready consent.

"Smash it to pieces," said John.

The ring was filed.

"First rate diamonds," said the jeweler.

The mortification of the brothers was great. Not so much at the loss of the wager, but at the fact of their parting with a diamond ring upon such cheap terms.

When the money was paid, Mr. A. told the brothers how he had turned the tables upon them and their mortification was none the less at finding that the doors had been done.—*N.Y. Atlas.*

KEEPING A SECRET.

THE following is evidently the production of one who has obviously been a close observer of the female character:—

"Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah! no—wet or dry, cold or hot, out she must go at the earliest hour it is decent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without perhaps any definite intention of unburdening her mind. But when she arrives, she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand."

"What is the matter? Has anything happened? Do tell me what has happened." It is all over. Out it must come, if it cost her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. The promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to those of her intimate acquaintance, whom she can trust; so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power some of two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in perpetual strife. I have my-

self known a whole town to be thrown into the most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years by one base insinuation of not more than ten words."

WHO DAR?

The papers say that "Ten Thousand a Year" is the best novel of the season. With equal propriety we may say that the following is the best negro story of the season. Where it comes from or how long it has been upon earth, is more than we shall undertake to tell, because we do not know. There may be some objections to it, but the wit of it is so excellent, that we cannot resist the temptation to print it.

Gumbo was a wicked negro, who had witnessed the ravages of the cholera in 1832, with stoic indifference, but in 1834, seeing his best friends drop off by dozens in Negro Alley, Buffalo, began to have some fears of giving the last kick himself, in pretty much the style he was wont to "fro dat next brick-bat" in a row. Gumbo then for the first time thought of praying, to use his own phrase, "to de Angel of de Lord," declaring that if he could only be "spared dis time," he would be ready next year to be taken up and "lib foreber in Massa Abraham's bossum." Some wags having access to an adjoining room, separated by a board partition, hearing him at his devotions, knocked.

"Who dar?"

"De Angel ob de Lord?"

"What he want?"

"Want Gumbo?"

Blowing out his candle with a whew—"No such nigger here. Dat nigger been dead dis two, tree week—dat be de trute—de fac?"

HOME.

I would have every friend of his country use his influence in casting charms around the working man's home. Of moral and religious attractions this is not the place to speak; but in the humbler circle, namely, in the decorations of the farm house, and cottage, I see a neglected mine of innocent pleasures. Men will seek enjoyment—they cease to be men when they do not. If they have it not at home, they will seek it abroad. If they have no cleanliness or quiet within their habitations, they will have some substitute in the trumpery, glitter, and the narcotic fumes of the tavern.

Will you say after this, that there is no moral in my subject? I am sure you will not. As a general observation I have never seen idle or profligate sons issuing from the cottage paling, which has been bedecked by their own infant hands. And on the other hand it would require a stoical love of virtue for its own sake, to make any youth love the foul, smoky, fenceless cabin of a thriftless father. Sweeten home, and you close nine out of ten doors to intemperance.

SWALLOWING A FARM.

A FARMER in Connecticut who had occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty year's labor. A neighboring store keeper offering to explain to

him the reason, proceeded as follows: During the last thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store, and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you owner of the farm you hire.

TRAVELING GRATIS.—A fellow without money having a considerable distance to travel, fastened a chain and a padlock to his legs, and lay down in a field. He was apprehended on suspicion of being a convict, and conveyed gratis to a jail in the town whither he desired to go.

THE OLD LADY'S WHEEL.—“Ah, Jerry,” said a good matron to her son, then an eminent Judge in a neighboring state, “ah Jerry, you needn’t despise the wheel, for I spun many a day to send you to college.”

A DANCING master was taken up in Natchez recently, for robbing a fellow bearded. He said that he commenced by cheating the printer, and after that every thing rascally seemed to come easy to him.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1841.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK—by John W. Barber, author of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Historical Collections, and Henry Howe author of “Memoirs of Eminent American Mechanics, &c.”

This work which is just published by the authors is one which every citizen of the “Empire State” will wish to have. It is after the same plan of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Historical Collections, (of which more than ten thousands copies have been sold,) but is executed in a style superior to either of them, both in engravings and printing.—It contains a particular history of every county in the state, and many curious historical incidents, which have transpired in the state, and which are not contained in any other work. It is illustrated with *two hundred and thirty engravings*, giving views of all the cities and large villages, places of historic interest, natural scenery, &c. and Portraits of Gov. Stuyvesant, Philip Schuyler, Geo. Clinton, John Jay and Dewitt Clinton, together with a map of the state.

The authors have each spent more than two years on this work. They have visited every part of the state, and collected their materials on the grounds described. This truly valuable and interesting work we hope will meet with a very extensive sale. It is seldom we have the pleasure of commending to our citizens one so well worthy of their attention.—We are informed by the author that it is about to be offered to the public by their agent.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BRILLIANT STUCCO WHITEWASH.—Many have probably often heard of the brilliant and lasting whitewash upon the east end of the President's House at Washington city. The following is a correct recipe for making it: Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, (say five or six quarts,) slack the same with hot water, in a tub, (covered to keep in the steam,) pass it in the fluid form through a fine sieve; add one fourth of a pound of whiting or burnt alum, pulverized; one pound of good sugar, three pints of rice flour, made into a thin and well boiled paste, and one pound of clean glue, dissolved by first soaking it well, and then put

ting into a larger one filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. And five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture. This wash is applied where particular neatness is required, with a painter's brush. It must be put on while warm, if upon the outside of the building—if within doors, cold. It will retain its brilliancy for many years.—There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it. About one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportions must be observed in preparing. Coloring matter may be added to give it any required shade.—*Genesee Farmer.*

WARTS.—Rub them daily with a radish, or with the juice of Marigold flowers.

CURE FOR THE RATTLES IN CHILDREN.—Powder blood root, give a small tea spoonful at a dose; if the bladder is not broken by the first dose, give again three times. Infatible.

TO CLEAN TEETH.—Rub them with ashes or burnt bread. **TO PREVENT THE TOOTHACHE.**—Rub the teeth often with tobacco ashes.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE PILES.—If the piles are outward, make an ointment of camomile, sage, parsley and burdock, the leaves of each—simmer them in fresh butter or hogs lard and sweet oil. Anoint the parts with it and drink tar water, half a gill 3 times a day. But if they are inward, or blind piles, drink tar water twice a day, and essence of fir every night going to bed, half a small glass. This effects a cure in about two months.

FOR THE NOSE BLEED.—Take the common nettle roots, dry them and carry them in the pocket and chew them every day. Continue this three weeks.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

B. R. Churchville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. R. Canal, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. East Groveland, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Gilead, Ct. \$1.00; E. P. Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. P. South Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. M. Union Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. L. Canaan, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Stonington, Ct. \$1.00; S. I. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; I. B. A. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. L. Genoa, N. Y. \$1.00; A. T. Hinsdale, Ms. \$5.00; C. F. C. Monson, Ms. \$1.00; D. F. Belfast, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. S. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Mt. Vernon Village, Me. \$2.00; G. B. W. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. Lunenburg, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Rensselaer Ville, N. Y. \$3.00; E. E. P. Bethel, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. Alps, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. Meriden, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$2.00; D. C. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Weston, Vt. \$1.00; E. S. Trenton, N. Y. \$2.00; J. A. R. Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. H. Gilead, Ct. \$1.00; C. M. Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; A. L. S. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. Pitcher, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. Salisbury Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. S. Bath, N. H. \$1.00; B. M. G. Honesdale, Pa. \$5.00; G. C. C. Mansfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. R. Waterbury, Vt. \$1.00; P. C. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. Concord, N. H. \$3.00; H. M. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Ballston, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Stow's Square, N. Y. \$1.00; C. F. D. Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. C. Wattsworh, Pa. \$1.00; E. C. Prattsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. Taberg, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. V. Marbleton, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; L. G. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. W. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; D. P. Grahamsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. W. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. L. Jamestown, N. Y. \$7.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Wm. Tift, Jr. Merchant of Onondaga, N. Y. to Miss A. J. daughter of the late Nathaniel Fairfield, of Pittsfield, Mass.

On the 16th inst. by Spencer Whiting, Esq. Mr. George McKee to Mrs. Ann Frier, both of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rayner, Mr. Henry Fellows to Miss Catharine Ranney, both of this city.

At Mellenville, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Robert Ham, of Livingston, to Miss Christina Maria Borthe, of Taghkanic.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Christian C. Shaver to Miss Catharine Snyder, both of Claverack.

DEAD,

In this city, on the 14th inst. Joseph W. son of Benjamin and Catharine Bartlett, in his 7th year.

On the 11th inst. Wm. son of Solomon and Lodemia Lisk, aged 1 month and 21 days.

On the 18th inst. Mary Estey, daughter of Ferdinand and Phoebe Van Sicklin, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 23d inst. Ellen, daughter of Edward and Catharine Lanagan, aged 11 months and 23 days.

In Taghkanic, on the 13th inst. Mrs. Catharine McDarley, aged 106 years.

In Churchtown, on the 16th inst. Mr. Jonas Rossman, aged 90 years.

At the County House, June 8, Jonathan Race.

At the same place, Aug. 13, Hannah Rogers.

At the same place, Aug. 19, Charles McRoy.

At Islip, L. I. on the 14th inst. Erasmus Crandell, aged 15 years.

At Troy, on the morning of the 15th inst. of consumption, Matilda Eliza, wife of P. W. Barringer, in the 26th year of her age.

At Long Island, on the 21st inst. Julia E. daughter of Edward and Caroline J. Clark, aged 2 months and 3 days.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

HOVER they round us, are they ever near,
The brightly flown, the glorious departed—
The fond ones to our mem'ries ever dear,
The lovely, loved, the kind and sunny hearted—
From earth the blest exiled?
Watch them with eyes, whose lustre grows not dim,
Though death-like spells are o'er all nature clo-
sing—
When midnight spreads abroad her mantle grim,
And all of earth is silently reposing
In slumbrous musings mild?

Methinks in whispers oft, a spirit band,
When gentle dreams are o'er my spirit stealing,
Wakes the deep hymnings of the spirit land,
Full many a tale of hope and bliss revealing,
And tenderness and love;
Of sunny realms ne'er viewed by mortal eyes,
Of forms arrayed in fadeless beauty glowing,
Of anthems never chaunted 'neath the skies—
From tongues seraphic breathed, forever flowing
Melodiously above.

Twine ye around me, visions of the blest,
Ye that bring back the deeds of years long num-
bered,
Hush the wild tumult of my soul's unrest—
Sweep ye the lyre whose strings too long have
slumbered
In cold oblivion's power;
Come, 'ere the sunshine from the soul has fled—
While clouds of doubt are darkly o'er it rolling—
Ere pulseless hope shall writh beneath the tread
Of grim Despair, whose might is all controlling—
Breathe o'er the stricken flower!

And ye, fair beings, round whose pathway spring
The sunlight of affection's smile endearing,
Turn ye not earthward oft, with restless wing,
When far away in cloudless realms careering,
The earthly lone to cheer;

For oh! too mighty are the chains that bind
Your sympathies around each kindred flower,
Deep in their fading folds your love enshrined,
Nor death shall blight, nor the lone grave o'er power,
Nor time, nor change shall sear.

PRAIRIE BARD.

For the Rural Repository.

WHERE SHALL MY GRAVE BE MADE?

WHERE, oh where, shall my grave be made?
Where, shall this dust, in death be laid?
Where, shall I draw, my latest breath?
Where, shall I sleep, the sleep of death?

Shall I sleep the long sleep, in an ocean grave?
In the viewless depths, of some coral cave?
While the restless billows above me roll,
Like a sea of care, o'er the troubled soul.

In the ocean depths, shall I slowly decay,
Till each limb, and each feature, moulders away?
Shall this form be the sport, of the swelling surge?
While the winter's winds, hoarsely sing my dirge.

Or, shall the desert sands, bestrew my grave?
As unstable as the treacherous wave;

Where no willow may wave; where no flow'ret may
bloom,
To garnish, and gladden, my desolate tomb.

Or 'neath sunnier skies, in a balmier clime,
Shall I sleep in the shade of the orange and lime?
Where laden with perfume, the light breezes blow,
And the murmuring streamlets o'er golden sands
flow.

Or in the old grave-yard, shall I calmly be laid;
There sweetly to sleep, in the quiet and shade?
Where each loved one may come, where the mourner
may sigh,
Remembering the dead, with tear-moistened eye.

There fain would I sleep, in the spot where a child,
Life's happiest hours free from care I beguiled;
With the sod which in childhood my glad footsteps
prest,

When life's cares are ended, lightly placed on my
breast.

SIGMA.

For the Rural Repository.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

My father's grave! my father's grave!
How many sad thoughts cling,
Around that spot, in yonder grot,
Where wild birds sweetly sing.

That little mound with all around,
Brings back departed years;
And on that scroll, I see the whole
Bedewed with sorrow's tears.

My father's grave! my father's grave!
That look again I see;
As when a boy, I sat with joy,
Upon that father's knee.

But oh the past! the sorrowing past!
Flits oft on memory's wing;
And from this heart, will ne'er depart,
The darker thoughts they bring.

My father's grave! my father's grave!—
I'll strew it o'er with flowers;
While every year, I'll pledge with tears,
This offering of flowers. M. M. W.

Saratoga Co. N. Y. Aug. 1841.

'TIS TIME,

Or, the Little Factory Girls.

'TWAS on a winter's morning,
The weather was wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawning,
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried— "The bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste."

"Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary—
Oh, carry me once more!
To help us we've no mother,
And you have no employ,
They killed my little brother,
Like him I'll work and die."

Her wasted form seemed nothing,
The load was at his heart,
The sufferer he kept soothing,
Till at the mill they part.
The overseer met her,
As to her frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas, what hours of horror
Made up her latest day,
In toil and pain and sorrow
They slowly passed away;
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads more often broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose,
Her day began and ended,
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length a little neighbor,
Her half-penny she paid,
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirit flushed;
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell and rose no more,
Till by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his sleepless child,
While close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled:
Again, the factory's ringing,
Her last perception tried,
When from her straw bed springing,
"Tis time," she said—and died.

MEMORY.

WHEN backward, through departed years,
On memory's wing we stray,
How oft we find but founts of tears
Along the wasted way!
The heart will vainly seek the light
That rested there before,
And sadly turn to mourn the blight
Of all it loved of yore!

We watch for footsteps that have come
To breathe the twilight vow,
We listen—for the silver tone
Of voices—silent now;
We gaze on old familiar things,
And marvel that they bear
No gladness to our spirit's wings
Like what of old was there!
Even thus, when through departed years,
On memory's wing we stray,
We find, alas, but founts of tears
Along the wasted way.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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